

THE GOAT



ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50
Post Paid to all parts of the world



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APRIL, 1933

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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Illustration	2	"Shepherd of the Hill"	9
Personal and Regimental	3	Three April Fools	9
Toronto Notes	3	Unusual Activity in Automobile Trading	9
Indoor Polo	3	Letters to the Editor	10
Old Comrades Re-Union	3	The Household Cavalry	10
The Technocratic Blacksmith	5	Hockey	12
Balbus, The Bat	5	Here and There	13
Three Hundred Years Ago	6	Nicknames of Regular Cavalry Regiments	14
Spring	7	Things we Would Like to Know	16
The International Correspondence School	7	Bytown Bits	17
Basketball	8	Colonel Camelot's Conjuncture	18
"Maisie" The Mule	8		



Personal & Regimental

Visitors to Cavalry Barracks during the month were Capt. S. Bate, 'B' Sqd. Toronto, Lt.-Col. D. Bowie, from Montreal, and Mr. F. Powell, also of Montreal.

During the month we heard from S.S.M. Tamlyn, who is now residing at 52 Jefferson Road, Sheerness, England, who mentions a short visit to Malta, that he had made recently, and also the fact that the family was gradually becoming climatized. They send the best of wishes and regards to all friends and acquaintances.

A letter from Captain Medhurst suggests that he has not been enjoying the best of health of late, all ranks will be pleased to hear that he is on the high road to recovery.

During the month we heard from Dr. W. L. Faulkner who is now residing in Wadhope, Manitoba, Dr. Faulkner will be recalled as an old comrade from 'C' Squadron.

We welcome Sgt. Inst. G. Simpkins to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, this month, in place of S. M.I. Manning who, we regret to say has transferred up to Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

We fear that Sgt. Simpkins was not duly impressed with St. Johns the night that he arrived here as this fair city was in the grip of a blinding snow storm, his car was snow bound some distance away from the Barracks, but was dug out, thanks to the able assistance of some troopers who were available.

We offer our hearty congratulations to Troopers R. F. Hardy, J. Wendon, N. Staples, J. Benton, and also Pte. Meadows, of the R. C.R. in obtaining their second class Army Educational Certificate.

We congratulate troopers V. Jewkes, Dobson, Croft and Doherty,

of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on their recent promotions to the rank of Lance Corporal, and also wish them the best of luck and success in their new duties.

TORONTO NOTES

Capt. L. D. Hammond, and S.S. M.I. J. King, have returned from Peterborough, where they conducted a Provisional School of Cavalry.

We welcome to Toronto again, S.S.M.I. E. J. Manning, who has been transferred from St. Johns, Que., and we say "good-bye" to S/Inst. G. C. Simpkin, who has been transferred "down under."

Congratulations are in order to Tpr. R. L. Walker, who won 2nd Prize in the Grooms' Jumping Class at Eglington Hunt Club, riding "Mussolini."

Ex-S. S. M. C. W. Smith, was a visitor to Barracks on April 2nd, having stayed over the weekend in Toronto, after attending the Governor - General's Bodyguard Dinner on Saturday April 1st.

Another surprise visitor to Barracks this month was ex-Q.M.S.I. J. Fletcher, who dropped in one morning during stables. He is looking very fit and well, and we were very glad to see him.

Tpr. R. H. Forsyth is out of Christie St. Hospital and back to work again, he looks none the worse for his short term of incarceration.

L/Cpl. J. B. Harrison of 'B' Sqn. paid a flying visit to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, during the month. This is the first time that we have had the pleasure of seeing Cpl. Harrison since his illness and we are all very pleased to see him in good health again.

INDOOR POLO

In their second game in the Masters' Shield Competition the R.C.D. team met the Eglington Team and were defeated after a strenuous and closely-fought game by the score of 7 to 6½ goals.

The game, was well contested, with the issue being always in doubt, and the chief features of the game were the remarkable improvement shown by the Dragoons, and the playing of Capt. S. C. Bate who was making his initial appearance for the Dragoons. Play was close throughout, and the Dragoons missed many chances to run up a score through over-keenness around the goal. Capt. S. C. Bate, and Lieut. H. A. Phillips were responsible for all of the scoring, and Lieut. A. P. Ardagh and Capt. C. C. Mann, were also prominent in attacking and defending, and but for some very bad luck would undoubtedly have added to their score.

The teams are:

R.C.D.—Capt. S. C. Bate, Capt. C. C. Mann, Lieut. H. A. Phillips, and Lieut. A. P. Ardagh

Eglington Club. Major Gayford, Captain Crease, and Col Hunter.

Copy of Telegram received from L.S.H. (R.C.)

Calgary, Alta.,
29 March, 1933.

Officer Commanding,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Past and present Strathconas assembled at Moreuilwood Day Reunion extend hearty greetings to their comrades of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

STRATHCONAS.

The following telegram was forwarded in return:

Officer Commanding,
Lord Strathcona Horse (R.C.)
Calgary, Alta.

Warmest thanks for greetings which are sincerely reciprocated.
DRAGOONS.

Old Comrades Re-Union.

Lusty renditions of the many and popular war songs resounded through the gymnasium at Stanley Barracks on Saturday night April 8th, as nearly 275 ex-members of the Regiment foregathered at the Annual Re-union and Smoker. No pomp or ceremony prevails at these gatherings, speeches are frowned upon, as the time, which appears to be all too short is occupied in renewing old friendships.

The meeting presided over by Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., and Mr. C. Morrison, opened with the National Anthem, followed by two minutes silence, and in the quietness, it would be safe to imagine how many hundreds of miles thoughts travelled to wherever the Regiment had fought or been stationed, whether it be the "veldts" of South Africa, or Flanders' Fields, The last Post and Reveille were sounded on the Silver Trumpet, presented to the Regiment by the Old Comrades, and the President then gave a hearty welcome to all in a brief but significant speech, after mentioning the various Regimental publications, exhibiting copies of the Short History of the Regiment, and Regimental March Past, Although attended by many, quite a few familiar faces were missed, and their absence felt. However, those who had travelled from distant points, the Executive hope they found their journey worthwhile. The oft repeated menu of Biscuit Soda, Cheese, Canadian Old, and Onions, Pickled still seems favourable.

The Association was formed to foster the comradeships created by serving in the Regiment, and the Annual Re-Union affords the means to that end. The Annual Re-union of 1933 fulfilled that purpose, such was the consensus of opinion of those that attended. The executive were pleased to hear from those who were unable to attend.



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The following cables, telegrams and letters were received by the Secretary, Old Comrades Ass'n.

S. M. Madden,
Royal Canadian Dragoons.

"Impossible to be with you to-night. Good luck old Comrades."

Douglas Bowie.

R.C.D. Old Comrades Association.

Dear Sir:

I have to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 23rd instant, and I deeply regret that owing to a previous engagement I shall be unable to attend the annual re-union to be held at Stanly Barracks on Saturday evening, April 8th 1933.

I have been particularly anxious to be present this year and may I trust that you will have a good attendance of the old members of the Regiment, and I extend to all my kindest personal regards and best of good luck.

(Signed) **Victor A. S. Williams,**
Maj.-Gen.

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Johns, Q. 2.

Old Comrades Association.
Stanley Barracks,

Dear Mr. Madden,

I am very sorry I cannot be present at the re-union this year, owing to sickness at home. I wish you all an enjoyable time.

(Signed) **Thos. Leblond,**
Long Branch, Ont.

S. M. Madden,

Dear Old Comrade:

I received your notice of the Annual re-union, and it would give me much pleasure to attend. But, as this is impossible, I will have to ask you to give my regards to the Old Comrades attending.

Best regards to all,

(Signed) **Chas. R. Othen,**
Benton, Alta.

S. M. Madden,

R.C.D. Old Comrades Ass'n.

Dear Sir and Comrade:

Was much pleased to receive your pleasant letter, and the invitation to the re-union, I must apologize for not replying earlier was waiting to see if I could make the trip or not, but find I am unable to make it. I would have liked to have met my old friends again, and hope to be able to attend next year.

Please remember me to Comrades Fox, Baraclough, Waters and Irwin if they are present.

(Signed) **Walter Jamieson,**
East Rochester, N.Y.

The following cables were dispatched:

To His Majesty The King,
Buckingham Palace,
London, England.

The Royal Canadian Dragoons at their Annual Re-Union send renewed expressions of loyalty and devotion to their Colonel-in-Chief.

The following cable was received:

To Headquarters, Royal Canadian Dragoons, Toronto.

The King sincerely thanks the Royal Canadian Dragoons for their Message of Loyalty and Devotion to their Colonel-in-Chief.

Private Secretary.

The following cable was despatched:

To General J. E. B. Seeley,
Isle of Wight, England.

Old Comrades re-union send heartiest good wishes.

R.C.D. Old Comrades Ass'n.

The following were among those present.

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis,
Major W. Baty,
Chas. Meeker, Kitchener, Ont.
P. Doyle,
G. B. Stevens,
C. Morrison,
W. Bryan,
G. Walton,
W. Scott,
J. Harrison,
G. Cook,
J. Jones,
H. D. Patterson,
J. Morley,
J. W. Harman,
C. E. Granger,
E. Warlow,
L. Brantley,
A. Duncan, Scarboro Jct.
E. W. Hare,
H. J. Foster,
D. M. Bieri,
G. Hawkins,
C. A. Graham, Long Branch
W. Coleman, Hamilton.
J. N. Medhurst.
W. J. Weekly,
A. Pickworth,
W. Scholes,
G. Morris,
W. J. Carmichael,
R. H. Devlin,
P. McGrath,
J. F. Clark,
A. A. Nelson,
W. Darnborough,
J. M. Hinchcliffe,
W. Proctor,
J. Cusack,
A. E. Evans,
A. C. Clark,
H. Cortman,
A. G. Smith,
H. Hyanson,
W. J. Marshall,
W. E. Priest,
H. Downs,
F. K. Wick, Detroit, Mich.
H. E. Bonner, Port Credit.
A. G. Bluett, Newtonbrook.
A. E. Coates,
R. Davidson,
H. Sprent,
A. T. Nicholls,
H. McCart,

J. H. Waley,
E. Prentice,
E. A. Tidman, Newmarket,
A. Angus,
H. E. W. Clarke,
T. Selfe,
David Sim,
T. W. Besant,
L. Walker,
A. H. Scott,
C. Hatton,
W. Buckingham,
W. Milward,
H. D. Dowdell,
J. P. Thomson,
Capt. L. D. Hammond,
Capt. C. M. Mann,
W. J. Rigglesford,
J. Wood,
R. M. Walsh,
H. Wilcox,
W. G. Asling,
W. Spencer,
G. A. Stanley,
G. C. Simpkin,
J. Mitchell,
T. W. Murray,
H. L. Mason, Sandwich, Ont.
W. A. Evans,
T. Little,
W. Bragg,
J. Guylar,
J. Johnson,
S. A. Simpson,
W. Stevens,
J. Kent,
Darby Stroud,
A. E. Merriks,
W. B. Blair,
W. Magill,
A. Ferrah,
G. Milo,
M. Free,
H. Fabb,
John Gowdy,
W. Bigley,
A. G. Libby,
T. Fox,
W. E. Fairchild,
B. J. Bevis,
J. Walker,
R. Waring,
G. Mayman,
J. H. Robson,
A. E. Hilder,
P. J. Mullen,
B. Jones,
A. R. Jones,
A. Scriven,
T. Masey,
A. Charman,
V. Lowndes,
W. Andrews,
C. Andrews,
J. Weeks,
G. W. McKenzie,
R. G. Gamblin,
E. Groves,

F. Walsh,
W. E. Cordingley,
A. E. Chambers,
M. Markey,
E. Amos,
E. C. Beamish,
H. B. Todd,
W. G. McKenzie,
W. McNeillage,
F. Orram,
C. W. Thomson,
A. Forbes,
N. R. Wright,
A. Free,
H. Dreppenstedt,
C. Dreppenstedt,
A. S. Hobbs,
F. G. Cole,
H. A. Phillips,
A. W. Brown,
C. W. Smith, Brantford,
W. B. Preston,
F. Norris,
T. G. Faulkner,
G. Alderson,
R. Williamson,
J. Williamson, Hamilton,
F. E. Dowling,
F. H. Willison,
W. G. D. Chadwick,
A. P. Ardagh.

Well! Spring is here, so far it is just a rumour, but we all hope that this will be verified in the next two weeks. Quite a few of us down here on the farm already have that far away look in our eyes, while some of the lads have been noticed gazing wistfully on local freight trains as they pull out for distant points, is it homesickness? or just memories?

While standing under a veranda in town some weeks ago a certain trooper from Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns had the privilege of having two pails of warm water poured over him. Not being accustomed to receiving this sort of attention the aforesaid trooper wonders whether any of the members of the harmonious Quartette have been in the habit of serenading under the above mentioned veranda, and that it was a case of mistaken identity. We wonder????

First Trooper: "Are you better off for getting married?"

L/Cpl. "Certainly, before I had better quarters, now I have a better half."

THE TECHNOCRATIC BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy sat;
No work of any kind did he—
He'd just gone technocrat.

A stranger to the smithy came;
A limping horse he led.
"My steed, I fear, is going lame.
Pray shoe him, sir," he said.

The smith observed him, vacant-eyed,
But never deigned to stir.
"I'm very sorry," he replied,
"I cannot help you, sir.

"I've done four hours' work to-day,
And four is all I do.
With deep regret I'm forced to say
It's just a horse on you."

The limping steed, by now, had heard
All that he cared to hear.
He stole upon this blacksmith bird
And bit him in the ear.

"Alas! Alack!" the smithy cried,
And ran to get the doc;
But though at every door he tried,
They all had punched the clock.

Infection brought the smithy's doom,
And soon he was no more.
They built for him a little tomb
In shifts from twelve to four.

His epitaph was short and pat,
But took some time to do.
(The sculptor was a technocrat
Who always quit at two.)

The Epitaph.

"He might have reached three score and ten,
In Nature's normal course,
If only God had given men
The sense He gave the horse."
—Norman R. Jaffray.

Sergeant-Major (After Church Parade): "What was the text this morning?"

Sergeant: "He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sergeant-Major: "Good attendance?"

Sergeant: "All the beloved apparently."

Balbus, The Bat.

(From London Punch)

Balbus was just an ordinary bat. A bat, in case you don't know, is one of those things that whizz silently up and down the lower air at incredible speeds while you are strolling in the mess garden in the evening. The only other information I have about bats is that they do not appear to like cigar smoke and that their steering is too wizardly for words.

The bats that use our mess garden do not have names as a general rule, but Balbus distinguished himself from the others by actually coming into the mess on three occasions.

The first time it happened there was a bit of a sensation. We were sitting at dinner indulging in the usual high-souled chit-chat of the Army taking its leisure. I think the question under discussion was Where should a Quarter-Master Sergeant be while a battalion is on the line of march? The answer to which is, according to the drill-book, is "on the right of No. 16 Section Commander," but in practice is of course "in the next village getting the best billet for himself." In the middle of all this Balbus just simply appeared.

He winged his silent way in at one window, circled the room once, flicked so suddenly across the mess waiter's face that the man dropped a toast-rack, and shot out into the night by another window. It was all over before we realised that anything had happened. Then Captain Bayonet remarked severely to the world at large that that was no sort of way to go on at all, and Lieutenant Holster said he could hardly credit a thing like that. The junior subaltern, who is a natural history expert and spends his field-days lining a hedge and studying beetles, said it was a bat, while the waiter's unexpressed opinion appeared to be that it was a "Hush-hush" aeroplane.

That, so to speak, was Balbus' preliminary reconnaissance. He appeared again the next night and exactly the same thing happened, except that unfortunately the mess waiter was carrying a bowl of soup. Captain Bayonet said he could hardly credit a thing like that, and Lieutenant Holster said it was not sort of way to go on at

all. After which considered opinion there was a silence, broken only by the rather too audible voice of the waiter in the adjacent kitchen telling the cook that a "plurrry weasel on wings had blown in his blinkin' face."

Next evening was the night of the big battle. Previously we had been restrained from reprisals by the Colonel's presence, but this night he was dining out and we and determined to take a strong line over things flying about in our mess-room. Balbus, in short, if he arrived, was to be driven out at once.

Balbus did not appear until after the port had been round twice. We had almost forgotten about him when he came suddenly in at the window, and the cautious mess waiter who this time was carrying a full decanter, left hurriedly at the door. Balbus flew round and round the mess-room at an unbelievable speed a bare inch or so above the heads of those sitting at the table. Each time he flew down the line everyone's head ducked in turn—like one of those wooden toys representing chickens feeding out of a trough. Then Captain Bayonet took the matter in hand and, pre-arranged, gave the call to arms.

There are hanging on the wall at the end of the mess various weapons and insignia which at one time belonged to a platoon of African natives. We rose from table and seized upon these. Captain Bayonet wore a chief's head-dress and directed operations from a corner. Lieutenant Holster had a rusty two-handed sword, while Lieutenant James secured a bow and a quiver of arrows. Captain and Quartermaster Ledger, who was dining in that evening, took a tom-tom, pronounced "tum-tum," as we all rudely pointed out to him within ten seconds. The junior subaltern got a Dyak blowpipe from somewhere, and I secured a dagger. Others had various weapons, ranging from a stick with spikes

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adopted and set to sheet music.

The Regiment is also in posses-
sion of this music in the form of
band cards for a 62 piece band.

This March will be used on all
ceremonial occasions when a band
is present and for Musical Ride
entry and exit march.

Copies of the March arranged
as Pianoforte (solo sheet) music
can be obtained for 35c a copy
from the canteen at Stanley Bar-
racks, Toronto.

on the delivery end to a club with
large and nobby-looking warts. As
soon as we had all fallen in, battle
was joined.

The difficulty was, we soon
found, to see Balbus at all. He
went so fast that he had arrived
there almost before he had left
here, if you know what I mean.
But our moral was high. We were
resolutely determined to evict him
as soon as possible.

The attack opened with a broad-
sword charge by Lieutenant Hol-
ster; our archery squad, Lieuten-
ant James being in support. The
blow-piper was kept in tactical re-
serve.

To the inspiring notes of the
"Charge," by Captain Ledger,
they advanced gallantly, and Lieuten-
ant Holster claved a chair from
helme to chine, while James put an
arrow through a portrait of a Very
Distinguished General. Balbus
was unharmed and instantly deliv-
ered a surprise air attack upon
our left flank, where the subaltern
who was wielding the stick with
spikes in attempting a "Tilden"
service, hit himself behind the ear
and had to be taken to the Casualty
Clearing Station.

Captain Bayonet then ordered
the second wave to go over, and
standing on the table, I nearly
succeeded in pinning Balbus to the
ceiling with my dagger. Balbus
however, produced a good "Im-
melmann" turn at the critical mo-
ment, and the dagger is still there.
As we can't get it out the mess-
sergeant is going to use it to hang
mistletoe on at Christmas; but that
is beside the point.

The conflict raged, with three-
quarters-of-an-hour's break for re-
freshments, for an hour-and-a-half
at the end of which time Balbus
appeared to be developing slight
engine trouble, but seemed other-
wise fit and well. The casualties
on our side, however, had been ter-
rific. Arrows were sticking every-
where, and the portrait of the Very
Distinguished General looked rather
like a picture of St. Sebastian.
A large amount of crockery had
been broken and chairs shattered
and Lieutenant Holster had been
severely damaged in the eye by an
olive from the junior subaltern's
blow-pipe. Incredible as it may
seem, we had so far failed to drive
Balbus out. He even appeared to
be enjoying it.

At eleven p.m. Captain Ledger
was badly punctured in his "pro-

nounced tum-tum" and put out of
action. At eleven-five Balbus took
refuge in Captain Bayonet's head-
dress, and Captain Bayonet only
just stopped the subaltern with the
nobby-looking club in time.

At eleven-six the Colonel walked
unexpectedly in.

There was a silence.

The Colonel just looked at us all.
He asked what we were doing. We
replied that we were just driving a
bat out of the mess as live stock
was not permitted in barracks. We
added that we had had a little
trouble.

The Colonel looked at us all
again. He can look too.

Then he just looked at Balbus
Without any more fuss Balbus got
up and flew straight out of the
window.

There was another silence as the
Colonel stalked out, broken only by
Captain Bayonet remarking in an
undertone that that was no sort
of way to go on at all. Lieutenant
Holster was heard to add that he
could hardly credit a thing like
that.

A.A.

A company of recruits were tak-
en out for hand grenade practice
and real grenades were to be us-
ed for the first time—The Offi-
cer gave instructions to pull the
pin, count five and then throw.
Everything was ready, and the
men with bated breath were one-
two-three-four, when sudden-
ly one gave a yell and broke away.
Later he was found and paraded
before an Officer. "Well Sir" he
said when asked for an explan-
ation. "There was a fellow next to
me who stuttered, and when he be-
gan "one, t-t-two, t-t-three, I
thought Mother wouldn't like me
to hang around."

A certain British Army Offi-
cer had a splendid collection of
East African trophies, and among
them a fine buffalo head. "How
did you get that?" asked a girl
who had come to inspect them.
"Was he very savage?"

"Had the deuce of a time with
that one," replied the Officer. "I
never had such a time in all my
life, I shot it in my pyjamas.

"Good heavens! murmured the
girl, "How did it get there?"

"For forty-eight years I have been
making public speeches and I have
not produced the slightest effect."—
George Bernard Shaw.

Three Hundred Years Old.

This year, in Glasgow Scotland,
fitting pomp and ceremony, will
mark the 300th anniversary of the
founding of the oldest Regiment in
the British Army, the Royal Scots.

This fine old Regiment, in three
centuries of service have carved
their name in the histories of all
corners of the British Empire, and
many of them sleep the sleep of
the valiant in India, China, Africa
and the North American Con-
tinent.

The Royal Scots Regiment, of
which the Princess Royal is the
Colonel-in-Chief, was formed in
1633 and the originals fought un-
der King Gustavus Adolphus of
Sweden, they were believed to have
been a fusion of a body of Scots
soldiers who fought in Sweden,
and another body of Scots who
fought for many years with the
King of France.

Although 1633 is generally be-
lieved to have been the year of
their formation, tradition dates the
Regiment back many hundreds of
years previous to that date, and
in fact, in 1882 Charles III of
France had an armed guard of
twenty-four Scotsmen as a special
guard. The life of Louis IX is
reputed to have been twice saved
in France and Egypt, during the
Holy by his Scots Troops, and
after his return from Palesti-
ne in 1254 he increased their num-
ber to a hundred, and constituted
them a corps of Guards.

The Scots Guards of France how-
ever were all Cavalry, and they
cannot really be proclaimed as the
origin of the Royal Scots who have
always been a foot regiment.

In Canada, the Royal Scots
were prominent in Old Ontario,
at Louisville, and Ticonderoga
where they conducted themselves
with conspicuous gallantry, and
again at the conquest of Montreal
in 1760. To Toronto, this regi-
ment was to become well known,
quartered at the Old Fort and
later at the New Fort, now known
as Stanley Barracks. In Decem-
ber, 1812, a battalion of the Roy-
al Scots marched out of Burling-
ton in the direction of Niagara,
where they took a prominent part
in the capture of Fort Niagara,
and in the same month, a batta-

lion were employed in the storming of the American batteries at Black Rock and Buffalo, Chip-pawa, Lundey's Lane, and Fort Erie are on their roll of honour, and in 1836 the regiment left the shores of Canada.

Sir John Hepburn of Athelstaneford, was the first colonel of this historic regiment, and he was killed at the siege of Saverne in June 1636 on the eve of receiving his Field Marshalls' Baton. After his death, the Royal Scots was placed under the command of Lord James Douglass from which circumstances the regiment came to be known in France as "Le Regiment de Douglas."

SPRING

Tradition tells us that a wonderful natural phenomena occurs on March 21st. On this date, the earth which has long suffered in the icy grasp of "King Winter" is liberated by the youthful knight "Spring" and "Old King Sol" viewing his acolytes' endeavours, beams benevolently, than every hitherto inanimate object comes to life, the flowers bloom, the birds sing, and even the most indolent trooper in the squadron has been known to double across the square.

Either tradition, lies, or some atmospherical happening has retarded the advance of our younger season, but let us not despair, the usual signs and omens that go to prove the near arrival of spring have been duly witnessed, one trooper was seen gazing ecstatically at the first robin, while another has been humming for the past week "Ode to a Cow-slip" or else "The Rhapsody of a horse radish" and the majority of us may not be interested in the moral rectitude of the bovine species, still these poetic vapourings and croonings are a sign of the times and go to prove the coming of better days.

It is an extraordinary fact that the advent of spring usually produces a general feeling of restlessness in persons of every degree. We feel lifted out of ourselves as it were, dissatisfied with material things, and are constantly striving after the unattainable, as an illustration. Two weeks ago, we saw one of the most confirmed discipline of "John Barlycorn"

hurriedly finish his glass and leave the canteen an hour before the customary time, Thereupon, the cynical would caustically remark "I guess he was broke". The trader would bittingly sneer "The books closed" but we who Know say "His soul, sickening at the gross realities of life compelled him to commune with himself in solitude."

The International Correspondence Schools,
Canadian Limited,
1517 Mountain St.
Montreal, Canada.

and with the Officers in other posts in Canada offer the following Educational facilities for those members of the Canadian Permanent Force who are trying to qualify for 2nd and 1st class certificates of Army Education.

The individualized, personalized plan of education operated continuously by the International Correspondence schools for nearly 42 years, is particularly suitable for many of the men of the Permanent Force for these reasons:

1.—Each man enrolls only for the training that he requires, 3rd 2nd, or 1st class, or special, should a man require only certain subjects for a certain class examination, arrangements will be made for his training in these subjects only.

2.—Each man is instructed as an individual, prepares his exercises and examinations, for our instructors as an individual receives correction and criticism, advice and direction as he individually requires, is allowed to proceed as rapidly as his time and ability will permit,—not subject to the lack of ambition or attention of others, nor compelled to go on to new work before he has mastered that on which he is engaged.

3.—Nothing more than the ability to read and write is expected of the man who enters upon the study of an Army certificate course, we take only this for granted, and provide a logical, comprehensive training, for the subjects in which the candidate is to be examined.

Many a man in the Permanent Force has made no real effort to take advantage of the exceptional

opportunity afforded to those who qualify for Army Certificates because he was all too well aware of his educational weaknesses because he hesitated to display his lack of education to his fellows, because he was all too certain that preparation for examinations was impossible for him in the short time available by the usual method of the class instructor. Only such a plan as that offered by this institution can make his training possible.

Many a man who has made a brave attempt to follow the work of a special instructor with the class selected for training for the next examination has struggled along under an insurmountable handicap of "inadequate preparation" only to find himself utterly bewildered and hopelessly deficient at the examinations to such a man in the permanent force just as to more than four million adults.

NO DEPRESSION HERE

The Kitchener Branch of the Canadian Legion were in danger of losing their club rooms, since they had to raise the sum of \$5,000 within ten days, or "get out." However, Charlie Meeker, President of the Legion, decided to apply to the citizens of Kitchener in an effort to raise the money, and conducted a ten day campaign with \$5,000 as their objective. It speaks well for that city, when we hear that their objective was not only reached within the ten days, but the amount was actually oversubscribed to the extent of over a thousand dollars. Well done Charlie.

A widow is the luckiest woman in the world, she knows all about men, and all the men who know anything about her are dead.

A trooper saw an advertisement in the paper concerning safety razors, he wrote for one as follows:

Dear Sir—

Please send me one of your popular "Never Cut" safety razors as soon as possible, as I am going to get married and need a shave in the worst way.

Yours,
James Jordan.

P.S. Forgot to get money order, but no doubt a firm of your reputation will overlook a little thing like that.

Two days later he received package and a letter, the letter read—

Dear Sir—

Received your order for one of our "Never Cut" Safety Razors, hope same will be satisfactory.

On opening the package he found a note—

"Sorry, we forgot to inclose "Never Cut" safety razor, but no doubt a Gentleman with a cheek like yours will not require one.

A story is told of an enterprising young lady who was spending Easter on a farm found a nest of eggs in the hay, without further delay she painted the eggs different colours, an old Rooster strutting along noticed the eggs, he looked at them for a minute and went over to the neighbors, Well, what he didn't do to that stuck up Peacock was nobodies business."

REGIMENTAL HISTORY

A short history, just published of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, illustrated, price \$1.00 per copy post free. Apply either to The Goat Office, Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., or to the Royal Canadian Dragoons, Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your drugs and toilet articles at

REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns

Basketball.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

A very interesting game of Basketball was played in the old Fort at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on Saturday night, March 8th. The game was even for a while, the Garrison keeping up with the Eureka, but the latter gradually worked up a score which ended the game 26-30 in favour of our visitors from Montreal. This is the second time that the Point Eureka have played the Garrison, it is to be hoped that the return match will be held in Montreal, in the near future.

The line up is as follows:

Tpr. McKenzie	
Tpr. Marshall	
L/Cpl. D'Orsonnens, R.C.D.	222
L/Cpl. Munro, R.C.D.	222
Tpr. Sephton	22
Tpr. Carpenter	22
Pte. Wilkinson, R.C.R.	22
Sgt. Blake, R.C.D.	22

The Point Eureka:

E. Rain	221
M. Morrison	222
E. McKenzie	22122
M. Easton	2222
J. Watson	2
G. Dunn	

Referees: L/Cpl. A. C. McKenzie, R.C.R., L/Cpl. V. Jewkes, R.C.D.

Three soldiers, putting in a month's forced vacation in the local "Grand Hotel" (without pay) were very prompt in replying to the Orderly Officer's question "Any Complaints?"

"Yes Sir," said one, looking very injured.

"Name it" said the officer.

"Well Sir, it is like this, the Guard takes over last night."

"That is quite in order, Sir, but when the N.C.O. has a contraption that they call an Accordion, one feller has a Clarinette, another has a Saxophone, and the fourth man has a mouth organ,—Well Sir, the point is this, 'You were present when we were tried, and I am willing to swear that that that wasn't included in our sentence, It ain't justice Sir.'"

"Maisie" The Mule.

By T. D. Masey.

We had been one short on our Battn-muleage for some time, and then arrived 'Masie', just two days before a General Inspection. Lieut. Surcingle, our Transport Officer was so excited about the lucky event that he made us all come down to the stables to be introduced. He even brought Sword-frog along, which showed how persuasive he was, for Sword-frog has never felt the same about mules since an elderly, heavy, and deaf pack mule, called "Clarkia" stood on his foot on a Ceremonial Parade and wouldn't move off for four and a half minutes.

Maisie was certainly a fine creature with an unusual white patch on the rump and the comfortable appearance of not having been slimming during the last few months.

We stood around her for a few minutes indulgently permitting Lieut. Surcingle to justify his spurs decanting learnedly on spavins, and in growing houghs, and other Equine diseases. We have to let him "talk horse" now and then, otherwise it turns inward, he becomes broody, and blows on his oatmeal porridge. Eventually we stopped him by a request that he would look at Maisies teeth and tell us her age and sex, asked Swordfrog what he thought she would weigh if she stood on one foot? (his foot) and then we all returned happily to the mess.

There is more in a mule than meets the eye, even when it has a white patch on its rump, I am not mentioning what meets other parts of you if you pass to close behind the animal, I am referring to temperament, and Maisie it seems had a lot of temperament.

For next morning when Surcingle produced a light cart, (of the type which Battn's have hurriedly to hide at intervals because their existence is due to the combination of a dark night, and an opportunist Quartermaster) rather than to any War Office ruling, affecting Transport schedules, and we tried to put Maisie in the shafts, but she definitely refused to be put.

Now when mules refuse to be put nothing can be done, not even a mounted sergeant of twenty-one

years service can induce them to reconsider their decision, though he shock every one else within ear-shot, so Maisie simply stood there, at least a dozen men tried to move her back between the shafts, but she stayed stock still, and even established a sort of moral superiority, by blowing at intervals into our faces.

Then another dozen men applied the Mountain Mohammed principal, but Maisie stood firm amid applause from the crowd, which had now collected, they managed to buckle her driving clothes round her.

Next Corporal Forage mounted the cart, gathered up the reins, and shook them vigorously, Maisie still simply stood, Corporal Forage, after sternly rebuking Private Pullthrough for an ill advised grin, dealt her a smart blow on the white patch and said "Git-up, Lady" Maisie on the contrary abruptly lay down.

Corporal Forage, who had in the sudden collapse of his surroundings dealt a second smart blow to his own Knee-Cap. He again spoke to Maisie, this time he did not refer to her as a Lady, Indeed quite the opposite, it was apparent from his remarks that her moral character, had absolutely gone by the board. He then got up and transferred his concluding statements to Private Pullthrough, who this time had grinned quite audibly. Finally, and as if by way setting a semi-official seal on all that had been done, he saluted Lieutenant Surcingle and said "Beg pardon, Sir, she surprised me like."

Surcingle, however, was for the moment paying no attention to him, or to Maisie. His thoughts were with his precious light cart, when a cart does not (officially exist it is difficult to get a hard and unimaginative Ordnance Officer, to repair or replace it.

Finding the damage not excessive, he had the cart removed to a place of safety, and ordered a heavy G.S. wagon to be produced. Maisie during all this, had been re-clining on the ground on one elbow, with the air of an affable film star, being interviewed on her divan. When the threat of work was removed she got up, when the G.S. wagon appeared however she lay down again. We all began to have a regrettable suspicion that Maisie was constitutionally a trifle idle.

We spent most of the morning at it, tying her in G.S. Wagons, or in limbers, or with pack saddlery but Maisie defeated us every time. She was impervious to cajolery blows, and bad language, though Pullthrough was overheard to state that he saw her blush at a certain regrettable insinuation of Sergeant-Major Magazine. All this was the more annoying, it was the very next day that the General was coming to inspect us, and every animal would have to be on Parade.

Maisie was far too fat to leave in a stable and call her sick, yet we did not see how we could parade, with one of our mules reclining in more than original splendour between the shafts. We at last decided that if the worst came to the worst we would have to parade her as a pack mule, certainly she looked least silly that way.

The situation was saved however, next morning, by an informative Sapper Officer, and we are beginning to think that possibly there is a reason for having R.E.'s in the Army after all.

Three harassed drivers were trying to induce Maisie to stand up under any pretext, for long enough to enable another concealed three to slip some pack saddlery over her, when the Sapper Officer, snooping around other peoples lines (as they will do) came past. "Hullo" he said, "I know that mule with the white patch, we used to have her."

Beyond a brief wish, expressed through the teeth, that the R.E.'s had her still Surcingle made no comment.

"Do you want her to work?" Surcingle saw in time a helpful gleam in the others eye, and so choked down a selection of good come backs. "That" he said, stiffly, "is the idea, she's got to stand up on parade in half an hour."

"That mule", began the R.E. dreamily, lighting the kind of a pipe that sappers alone can smoke, "Was a good, honest, hard working girl, till one afternoon we thought she'd do so nicely to pull our lawn mower.

For this we had to put those big leather grass boots over her hoofs. She was as pleased as hell with them and pulled that lawn mower over half the lawn, and a couple of flower beds before we

could stop her. Now, mark the vanity of the sex, next day she refused her ordinary work, in fact, any work, unless we put the boots on her again.

Indeed, until we got rid of her, we were never able to get her to do a stroke, without those infernal boots. It looked damned funny on a route march, but as we were R.E.'s nobody thought anything of it."

All in one breath Surcingle thanked him, cursed Maisie for a vain jade, and despatched a man to the mess gardener for—"Boots, grass, animal, ladies, sets—I"

The Sapper Officer was quite right, Maisie leaped up the moment she saw them.

At the inspection, no mule was more upright, or more proud, than Maisie, with her double pair of No. 16's. more over Surcingle had half an hour to get a plausible answer ready for the General which was too easy, for usually on an inspection parade, about four seconds is the normal time available for invention answers for Generals.

"That pack-mule Sir, is the one we are training to use with an advance party in hostile and mountainous country at night." We put shoes on her to keep her hoofs from rattling against the rocks, and her white patch behind, Sir, enables the connecting file to keep in touch in the dark.

The General was so pleased with the originality either of the idea, or the answer that he passed, silently, or else he was to staggered, to speak.

But we are taking steps to ease Maisie off on some one else. Other units are beginning to be too funny about those boots.

"What is the reason?" asked a gallant Captain of a young lady. "That men never kiss each other, while women waste a world of kisses on each other."

"Because" men have something better to kiss and woman haven't.

Sergeant, To recruit:—"If a cigarette paper were to blow against your head you would die of concussion of the brain."

"History shows us that always when civilization gets very materialistic, it crashes."—Hugh Walpole.

"Shepherd of the Hill"

This horse, now owned by Captain G. F. Berteau has a remarkable history, and but for a chance of fate might never have appeared on Canadian tracks. His performances on our tracks prove that owners and trainers always have a chance with racing stock until they have been thoroughly tested.

Shepherd-of-the-hills belonged to Mr. Furriss, of Welland County, who bred him. Seeway, his sire was never heard of, and in fact was not registered in the stud book, and he was driven to harness all his life in the Niagara Falls district. For four years Shepherd of the hills followed in his fathers foot-steps, and with his mother Martola often teamed together to draw their owner back and forth to town.

Trainer A. C. Breach was visiting the Welland County Fair one day and saw this colt taking part in the heat events that were one of the principle attractions at this small county fair, and was so impressed by his performance that he suggested to the owner, that he be allowed to take the colt to the big Canadian tracks; but the owner only laughed, saying that neither Shepherd-of-the-hills nor his sire were registered on the book of thoroughbred stock. This did not stop Trainer Breach from having both colt and sire registered.

In due time Trainer Breach showed on the Canadian Circuit with his new charge, now a four-year old who all his life had been used as a general purpose horse. His winning efforts on our tracks can be recalled by anyone who follows the racing game, but he was not long under Breach's care for he was claimed by a Montreal lady. Little Miss Furriss, who used to ride him before he was raced, felt the loss keenly. He went on a winning campaign, and accumulated the sum of \$40,000 before he was retired from the turf.

Perhaps his most notable performance was when he forced the crack Seagram sprinter "Digit" to stretch his neck to beat him. El Jasmar from the J. C. Fletcher stable was second, necks separating three horses, and it was entirely due to the clever judgment of Trainer Breach that Shepherd-

of-the-Hills left the lowly ranks of pulling a delivery wagon.

J. B. H.

Editors Note: The above article was written as a result of information obtained from "Its a long Time Since," by Bill Breen, in the Evening Telegram Toronto.

Three April Fools.

He appeared at reveille, very tired, very untidy, he looked as if he had had a tough night, there was a look of victory in his eyes that made us wonder. We looked him over with amusement, "Hitting it up again, Eh, how in the world can you stand that racket everynight?, we asked him, there was no answer, he was asleep.

"Say fellers" lets follow him and see where he goes tonight," said one bright lad, who in climbing the ladder to success, had stumbled over the bottom rung.

"O.K." the rest of us agreed, no more was said as fall in blew and we filed out to stables, including our budding young Night Hawk, who, getting up in a trance had wended his weary way carrying a small hand bag (which had stood by his bed) in place of his grooming kit. We will not repeat what was said when this was noticed by the S.M.

That evening our night-hawk proceeded to brighten himself up for going out, so did the bright lad and myself. We noticed a very thoughtful and troubled expression on our victims face, when he used Palm-Olive shaving soap on his tooth brush and tried to shave with tooth paste we decided that something certainly had to be done about it. If ever a man needed watching he did. Away he went, he was too preoccupied to notice that two of us were standing to, ready to pounce on his rail.

Where in the world was the man going, up one street and down the next, once he stopped for three minutes, head down in deep meditation, on he went, a little faster, what in the world was the matter with him? had he gone off the deep end all together? Finally to our relief he turned in at a house, he was let in and a few minutes

later a light showed in a down stairs window. We peered in, just in time to see him lock the door, take off his coat, roll up his sleeves, take out a box the contents of which he started to sort out the table.

"Well, I'll be!!!!" said I after I had come out of the trance.

"AMEN", said the bright lad.

"A good man gone hay-wire" said I.

"And on a jig-saw puzzle" said the bright lad.

We turned with one accord and went home better and wiser men

UNUSUAL ACTIVITY IN AUTOMOBILE TRADING

Some Startling Bargains

In these days of big business deals and over-night fortunes, one is not surprised at anything but—

In the peaceful quietude of the noon-hour recess from the bustle of business, the boss of a big commercial establishment was enjoying the fragrance of his after-lunch cheroot. The door of his private office stood slightly ajar, and from beyond came the occasional bustle of the office boy and the one clerk left behind to guide the progress of the business during the lunch hour. Suddenly through the open window behind him came voices:—

"I'll trade you one of my Marmons for a Ford!"

Here was big business to be sure—but there must be a catch in it somewhere. The business man rubbed his eyes. Was he dreaming? But the reply was even more astonishing.

"I haven't got a Ford to spare, but I tell you what; I've got two Hudsons and a Studebaker I don't want, and I'll swap you for a Chevrolet."

Here was big business with a vengeance; the commercial man decided he must get a look at the perpetrators of such hectic bargaining. He tip-toed to the open window. Below him on the sidewalk was his office boy with a telegraph messenger. They were swapping Guinea Gold Cigarette cards in an effort to complete a series.

He returned to the cigar, muttering, "They're on me."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

1338 Hall Ave.
Lakewood, Ohio, U.S.A.

Capt. J. Wood,
Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, Que.

Dead Captain Wood:

I hope I am not too late for my copy of the Regimental History, and in that hope I am enclosing One Dollar as per instructions in the Goat.

Our small branch of the Canadian Legion here is going strong and gradually increasing its membership.

Recently I had the honour, and was very proud indeed to represent the B.E.D.S. at a state conference before the National Commander Louis Johnston.

On Thursday, 6th inst. we are invited as a body with auxiliary to spend the evening with a local post of American Legion which for the first time, and in our honour is putting in a "Canadian Night."

In the interest of the Goat I wish to again second an appeal from Jimmy Dee for more letters and articles from old Comrades everywhere, with best wishes to them all, to yourself, and all present serving members.

Yours sincerely,

E. G. GREEN.

19, Nellie View,
Richmond Hill,
Leeds 9, England.
April 5th, 1933.

The Editor "The Goat."

Dear Sir:

I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of your letter of the 6th ultimo (Reference "A" R.C.D. 1-16), also of the copy of the History of The Royal Canadian Dragoons, for which please accept my best thanks. I was deeply interested in the latter—especially in the account of how your Regiment came to adopt the Springbok as its badge. It is a beautifully produced little book, a model of what a short Regimental History should be.

I am very pleased to know that my article on the History of your Allied Regiment, The First Royal Dragoons, will be of interest to your readers. If it is not asking too much of you, I would rather like to have a copy of that issue of 'The Goat' in which it is reprinted, as I feel rather proud of the fact that you should consider it worth while doing so, also, this is the first time (I think) anything of mine will have been printed in a Canadian publication, though military articles of mine have been reprinted in the Ceylon Defence Force Gazette and also in Australian papers.

With reference to your suggestion that you would be grateful if I sent along any other articles on matters of military interest, I am enclosing two which might, with a little editing, be of interest to your readers; at any rate you might be able to make extracts for them, as they are both on cavalry subjects—one is a complete record of the regimental nicknames of the Regular cavalry regiments and the other deals with the Household Cavalry.

I hope that they will be of interest to you. I am also enclosing a copy of the Official Souvenir of the first Leeds Armistice Festival of Remembrance. This was the biggest show of its kind ever attempted outside London. We had nearly three hundred artists taking part—all unpaid, except one of the theatre orchestras, which went on strike at the last moment—"no pay, no play". No doubt you have seen a lot in the papers about the growth of pacifism, etc, in England. Well, for this Festival we had over ten thousand applications for tickets, of which less than four thousand were unemployed, and many of the men who took part in it were unemployed, so you will see that there is plenty of the old spirit left in England yet.

With kind regards and best wishes, and again thanking you,

I beg to remain,

Yours very sincerely,

R. Maurice Hill,
Member of the Society for Army
Historical Research.

The Household Cavalry.

By R. Maurice Hill

A strikingly picturesque military ceremony takes place on the Horse Guards Parade to-day, when H.M. The King will present new Standards to the regiments of Household Cavalry. These picturesquely attired troops are familiar to every Londoner—and what stranger ever visits the Metropolis without admiring the sentinels of the King's Guard in Whitehall, the only mounted sentries in the British Army? Yet comparatively few people know anything of the histories of the Household Cavalry regiments, their traditions and their special privileges.

Both the Life Guards (who wear red tunics, with blue facings, and whose German-silver helmets are adorned with white horsehair plumes) and the Royal Horse Guards, 'The Blues', (who wear blue uniforms with facings and plumes of scarlet) date back to the Restoration. The Life Guards, who headed the procession when King Charles II entered London on Royal Oak Day 1660 (in memory of which their officers still wear oak leaves on their collars and cuffs) originally consisted of loyal cavaliers who had followed their sovereign into exile, while 'The Blues' were recruited from Cromwell's old troopers.

Only men of good family, 'gentlemen by birth and education,' were permitted to enlist in the Life Guards. They were officially styled 'Private Gentlemen', and for many years all words of command were preceded by the phrase 'Gentlemen of the Life Guards'. At one time every recruit had to provide his own horse, and records exist of the payment of £100 'admittance money' for the privilege of becoming a 'Private Gentleman' in His Majesty's Life Guards. For over two hundred years the chargers of the regiment have been black, with white horses for trumpeters and kettle-drummers.

Both the Life Guards and The Blues have seen much fighting. They were at Sedgemoor and the Boyne (where King William III was their commander). During Marlborough's wars they remain-

ed at home, but they won their first Battle Honour at Dettingen, where King George II personally led them into action, and at Fontenoy "they gained as much honour in covering the retreat as if they had won the battle."

In 1778 the Life Guards were re-organized in two regiments, an arrangement which existed until after the Great War, when the two amalgamated. Many of the alterations made in 1788 were so unpopular that some of the old members of the Life Guards resigned, saying that the corps was "no longer composed of gentlemen, but of Cheesemongers." This taunt was remembered by their successors at Waterloo, when one officer is said to have led his Life Guardsmen against the enemy with the words "Come on, Cheesemongers," Charge!"

In 1812 a 'Household Brigade' of six squadrons joined. Wellington's army in Portugal, but were not prominently engaged in any of the great battles of the Peninsular campaign. But the greatest day in their regimental history was soon to dawn—"Waterloo Day", 18th June 1815, when the Household Brigade covered themselves with glory. It is said that the 1st Life Guards made eleven charges that day. Many of the big guardsmen distinguished themselves by feats of strength and gallantry during the battle. Perhaps the best known was Shaw, the Lifeguardsman pugilist, who "slew or disabled ten Frenchmen with his own hands" before he himself was slain, but this record was almost equalled by Corporal Major Hodgins of the Royal Horse Guards, who killed nine French cuirassiers.

The polished steel cuirasses, which had been abandoned in the early days of the corps, were restored in 1821, being worn for the first time at the Coronation of King George IV. Huge bearskins, larger and more ornate than those of the Foot Guards, were also adopted, but were later discarded in favour of the less cumbersome helmets worn to-day. The uniform of the Household Cavalry has remained practically unchanged for the past eighty years. It is from their shining breastplates that "The Lifes" and "The Blues" derive the

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"



PLAYER'S
NAVY CUT

nicknames of "The Tins" or "The Patent Safeties" by which they are known in the Service.

After Waterloo the Household Cavalry (who never go abroad in peace time) saw no fighting until 1882, when a Composite Regiment drawn from the Brigade served in the Egyptian Campaign against Arabi Pasha, making a gallant charge by moonlight at Kassassin. In the Gordon Relief Expedition of 1884-5 they appeared in a novel role, going up the Nile as a 'Heavy Camel Corps'. Another Composite Regiment of Household Cavalry was sent to South Africa during the Boer War, and a similar unit landed in France with the Old Contemptibles. In the autumn of 1914 the full strength of each of the three regiments proceeded to the front, their places in London and at Windsor being taken by three "Reserve Regiments". As cavalry, both mounted and dismounted; as battalions of the Guards Machine Gun Regiment; and as ordinary 'foot-slogging', pack-carrying infantry in The Household Battalion, they fought with gallantry and distinction throughout the Great War.

The rank of Sergeant is unknown in the Household Cavalry, the equivalent rank being termed Corporal-of-Horse, while the Sergeant-Major is called a Corporal-Major. Gold aiguillettes are worn by the holders of these ranks. The polished battle-axes carried by the farriers of each squadron on state occasions are believed to represent the pole-axes formerly used for slaughtering wounded horses. The duties of Gold Stick and Silver Stick in Waiting upon His Majesty are always performed by officers of the Life Guards or the Royal Horse Guards.

Heard at the basket ball game—

Trooper X: (to sweet young thing) "Bill is a good player, he will be our best man one of these days."

Sweet young thing, (blushing) "Oh George, you do take so much for granted."

Who is the trooper who applied for a discharge on passionate grounds.

HOCKEY.

R.C.R. London 2—R.C.D. Toronto 1

On Friday morning, March 24th the R.C.D. Hockey team proceeded to London to play the return game against "C" Company The R.C.R. and in view of the fact that the first game ended in a tie, a close battle was foreseen. The team who travelled by private cars arrived at London after an uneventful trip in time for lunch, and afterwards proceeded to the Arena, where the game was scheduled to start at 3 o'clock.

From the time of the starting whistle, it was obvious that a close game was going to be the result, the puck travelling quickly from blue line to blue line as one team after the other rushed to the attack. Toward the end of the first period, Major Home managed to worm his way through the defence to score for the R.C.R. The Drags immediately redoubled their efforts, and peppered Blais in goal for the gravel-crushers but were unable to put the puck past him. The period ended with the score R.C.R. 1, R.C.D. 0.

The second period started much the same way as the first, play being very even, with both teams pulling off nice combination, and the defences playing tight hockey. After about nine minutes of play Fawcett was penalised, the first penalty of the game, and with the advantage of the extra man the Dragoons played every man up, and gave Blais a hot time of it. Their efforts were rewarded, after 10 minutes of the second period and while Fawcett was still in the penalty box, when Stafford passed out from behind the net, and Galloway, coming in fast, picked up the pass, and drove it in the top corner, giving Blais no chance to save. Fawcett came on again, and play continued fast, with both teams threatening. The second period ended with the score tied at one all.

Both teams started the final period with a burst of speed although they both showed respect for the opposing defence, preferring to shoot from outside the blue line. Blais and Davidson, the respective goalies made some sensational saves from close-in shots, and play continued even. At last af-

ter 17 minutes of the third period Major Home rushed through the drags defence, and shot a hard one at Davidson, who made a great save, but was unable to clear, and Fisher, grabbed the loose puck and scored for the R.C.R. Aggressive play on the part of the Dragoons featured the remainder of the period, and time again, they missed chances to tie it up. The R.C.R. defence however, were playing heads-up hockey, and succeeded in keeping the puck out until the final whistle blew.

Final score, R.C.R. 2, R.C.D. 1.

On the whole, the game was fast and clean, and it was quite obvious that friendly feeling existed between the teams throughout the game, and were playing a game they liked, and enjoyed for its own sake.

The teams:

R.C.R.

Goal, Sgt. Blais; Defence, Sgt. Fawcett, Pte. Davis; forwards, Major Home, L/Cpl. Stillwell, Pte Flinn, Sub. Cpl. Crampton.

R.C.D.

Goal, Tpr. Davidson; Defence Sgt. Nickle, Tpr. Stuart, Forwards L/Cpl. Stafford, L/Cpl. Parker, Tpt. Major Galloway, Subs. Ward, Knights and Sgt. Green.

Editors Note: We are indebted to 2/Lieut. R. G. Harvey, Att'd. the R.C.R. for this account of the game, he acted as manager of our team, and the boys were loud in their praise of his efficient handling of the team.

First Troop have started their Annual Spring Training. The methods employed this year call for one troop to undergo the training at a time while personnel from the other two troops replace those employed in the troop training so that the total troop strength is available. Judging from the Syllabus, the training is very thorough, and should prove beneficial to all.

People will often give three cheers for something they would not give anything else for.

"The aristocracy of today is not of birth or wealth, but an aristocracy of those who do something for their fellowmen."—Charles M. Schwab

Hockey.

R.C.R. London, Ont. 1 "B" Sqn. R.C.D. 1.

The R.C.R. from London visited Barracks recently, and arranged to play a hockey match against the Squadron, and a game against "B" Coy. The game was played on Friday March 17th, at 2.30 p.m. at the Ravina Rink, and resulted in a tie score.

For two periods the teams appeared to be evenly matched, and the R.C.R. scored first on a nice play by Stillwell who gave the goalkeeper no chance. Both the tenders pulled off nice saves, repeatedly, and the Drags seemed to have an edge on the play. Nickle drew a penalty for hooking, and while he was off, Galloway scored from the blue line, to even things up. Stuart narrowly missed scoring on several occasions, and Ward missed an open goal, being unable to get his shot away. "Chopper" Knights was also working hard, and was a constant threat with his rushing tactics. The first period ended with no further scoring.

The Drags started off with a rush in the second period, and for almost five minutes kept the puck in R.C.R. territory, and they were forced to shoot it down the ice to relieve the pressure. Every one thought Galloway scored again, when the puck hit the back of the net and bounced out, but the red light did not go on. It was certainly a goal, Major Holmes made several nice plays but could not penetrate the Drags' defence. Stuart made several lone rushes deep into R.C.R. territory, and Ward missed another royal chance to score. Davidson in goal, was pulling off some spectacular catches, and making double plays at second he played most of the game without the aid of his stick, while Blais, at the other end was also booting them out like any Chabot. There was no further scoring, although at times it seemed as if the Drags would have to put it in. For the Drags, Galloway and Stafford played their usual sterling game, while Stuart, Nickle, and Knights were also effective. Major Holmes was the star for the R.C.R. and with Stillwell dominated the play during the time they were on the

ice. Fawcett was also good, but seemed over anxious to score and so missed several nice chances. Both goal tenders stood outwell, although Blais had the most work to do.

The teams:—

R.C.D.—Goal, Davidson; Defence, Stuart and Galloway; Forwards, Stafford, Ward and Parker; Subs. Hare, Nickle, Knights, and Green.

R.C.R.—Goal, Blais; Defence, Mr. Hervey and Fawcett; Forwards, McAug, Major Holmes and Stillwell. Subs. Davis, Fisher, Richardson and Flynn.

Stops by goal-tenders:

R.C.D.	11	9	7—27
R.C.R.	10	11	14—35

Penalties:

First Period—Nickle.

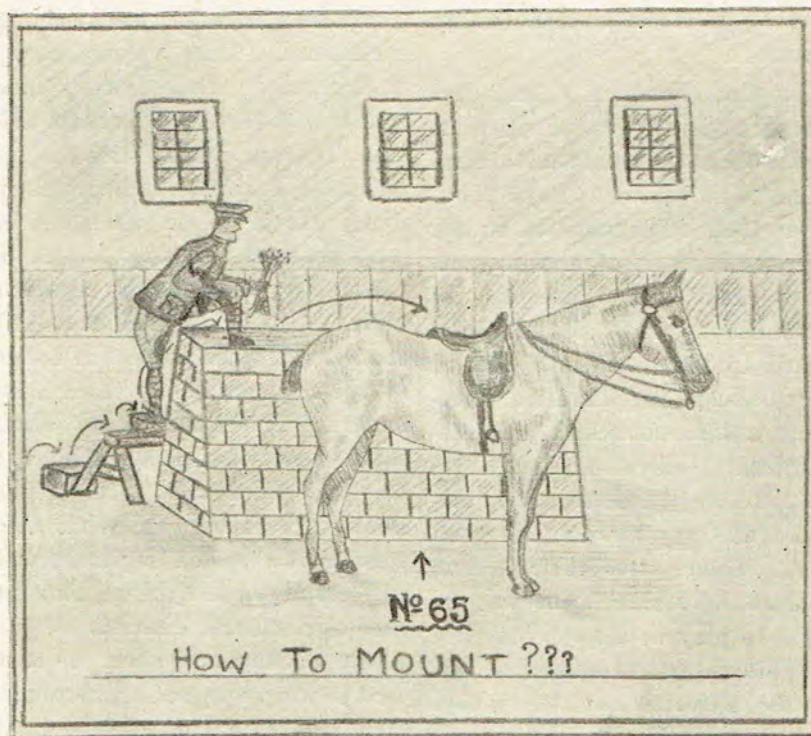
Second Period—Galloway

Third Period—Nickle, McAug.

Total R.C.D. 6 minutes, R.C.R. 2 minutes.

Here and There.

To judge by the weather at the time of writing, April has not yet put in an appearance, and March having been struck off strength, we are enjoying a sort of supernumerary February.....Oh well, the Hockey Season is over (loud cheers from our Hockey Team)...they lost a close game to London R.C.R. in London.....why not take them over to Toronto, and give the Nationals a chance to win a game...eh Connie?...Tommy has brought himself a car, and we hear that Dave has another.....is the depression really over then?.....took time off last month to look the situation over in St. Johns and met some of our old boozin' pals.....also saw Willie-of-the Nautical-Fame.....he now has a boat, but is not challenging Gar Wood....we had a grand time down there, and how we go for the taverns.....the recent orgy of inoculations here have left so many of the Braves with still arms that one is almost led to think that we have a bunch of Nazis amongst us, too tired to give the salute...in fact, and this is authentic, some, or one, of the braver braves took three day in the Station Hospital to recuperate (Page Albert).....personally



we always thought a few hours in that institution was sufficient to cure one of most things.....Tom, (Duff to you) claims (in voice shaking with emotion) that he scattered two dollar bills all over Barracks last month, and that to date not one of the grateful finders has returned any.....Vas you Dere Sharlie?.....Sunny-side are going to erect bleachers along the boardwalk, so that when Tom makes his debut in his new Spring Outfit, won on a tailors raffle, and costing 33 cents, his public can get an uninterrupted view of the phenomena.....it's also rumoured that he plans to raffle his own exclusive custom built, no draft ventilated 1876 sports coat and bell-bottom trousers....who wants tickets?...Thidnay, (last months honorable mention) claims (in his boyish treble) that we did not do him justice last month.....Justice is blind Thidnay me Bhoy, and anyway we always were from Missouri....School Days are over until October, and Alfie is in mourning for several lost Hypotenuses, (or is it Hypoten?)....noticed someone in St. Johns copying our style last month.....and we thought we were the only one of its kind.....McBride promoted himself Corporal at dinner the other day, but our own Sleuth, Psmith (the "P" is silent, which is more than can be said, for Psmith) was quick in unmasking the villain.....the new Librarian (temporary) speaks volumes.....we are giving Egbert

a rest this month, he really detests publicity.....Al (you-know-me) says he fits right into a niche in 2nd Troop.....our dictionary (oh yes, we have one) tells us that a "niche" is a small crevice or recess.....we noticed one behind the door in 2nd Troop and this no doubt is where Al fits in.....hope you feel at home Al....First Troop have plunged into Spring Training, and a number of employed are making their annual appearance.....did some one say that the Gymnasium Sup-

ervisor of Physical Perambulations was too old for Spring Training.....heard an amusing story about a certain Non Com who asked Thidnay, (Yes, the one and only) where he had been on a certain night that he should have been in bed (like a good boy) and Thidnay said he had been to a Chiropractor; whereupon the N.C. with unusual forethought called up the Padre, and solicited the information that Thidnay had never been to Choir Practice, but reserved the whole of his Musical Omnibus for his duties as Trumpeter.....this months award for the most embarrassing moment goes to ourselves.....we were at a downtown show in "blues" and when we left our seat on some private business, a sweet young thing asked us for "two seats near the front please"....was our face red?.....we now go to see a woman about a cat.....break off.

J.B.H.

Who was the enterprising trooper who paid a certain N.C.O. seven packages of cigarettes to keep the early morning exercise ride parading around the house in which his girl resides so that the said trooper might glimpse his Affinity?

"You cannot tell what the scientists will do in the next war except that they are bound to make a mess of it."
—H. G. Wells.

WONDER

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Nicknames of Regular Cavalry Regiments.

By R. Maurice Hill

The nicknames of the Cavalry Regiments of the British Army are many and varied—"weird and wonderful," in fact. Some were earned on the field of battle, others recall the name of an old time commanding officer, whilst still another type draw attention to the dress, equipment, or the colour of the horses. Perhaps the Yeomen of The Yorkshire Hussars may be interested to learn what are the "unofficial titles" (flattering or otherwise) borne by their comrades of the Regular Cavalry.

The Household Cavalry regiments—The Life Guards and The Royal Horse Guards—share the nicknames of "Tin Bellies" (sometimes abbreviated to 'Tins') or "Patent Safeties", from the polished cuirass so familiar to the London public. The Royal Horse Guards are also known as "The Blues", from the colour of their uniform; originally a nickname, this is now officially recognized as part of the regimental designation. At one time The Life Guards were known as "Cheeses", recalling the statement made by some of the old members of the corps who declined to serve in it after certain important changes in its constitution had been made in 1788; these malcontents said that the regiment was "no longer composed of gentlemen, but of cheesemongers". This old slander was remembered by the Officer commanding the 2nd Life Guards at Waterloo, when he called to his regiment in the heat of battle, "Come on, Cheesemongers, Charge!"

The 1st King's Dragoon Guards are better known as "The K. D. G's" than by their older nickname of "The Trades Union". The latter nickname, though so reminiscent of modern politics, is nevertheless about a hundred years old, having been bestowed in the troublesome times of the Reform Bill agitation, when the K.D.G., like the Yorkshire Hussars, were often called upon to aid the Civil Power against threatened outbreaks of violence by strikers. There is another story that the title comes from the number of

sons of successful tradesmen who formerly held commissions in the Regiment.

The 2nd Dragoon Guards are another regiment whose old nickname has now become an official title, "The Queen's Bays", owing to their being mounted on bay chargers when all other heavy cavalry regiments (except the Scots Greys) rode blacks. With regard to this regiment's title, I may perhaps be permitted to recount a humorous and true story. Shortly before the Boer War, the 2nd Dragoon Guards were stationed at Chapeltown Barracks, Leeds. Soon after their arrival the band of the regiment was engaged to play at a local function. The individual responsible for the advertisements must have been a very bad writer, or the printer he employed must have been unusually careless or ignorant, for the regiment's consternation may be imagined when they saw themselves described on flaring posters as "Her Majesty's 2nd Dragoon Guards, (The Queen's Bags)". It is said that at least two civilians in Leeds had horrible visions of courts martial on the day those posters were issued.

The 3rd (Prince of Wales's) Dragoon Guards are nicknamed, "The Old Canaries" from their yellow facings. For over half a century The Carabiniers (6th Dragoon Guards) have been known as "Tichborne's Own," Sir Roger Tichborne (of lawsuit fame) having served in the corps. Their title of "Carabiniers" (often shortened to "Carbs") was given to the regiment by King William III for services rendered at the Battle of the Boyne. At that time many corps in foreign armies were known as "Carabiniers" and were regarded as "Corps d'Elite." It was therefore regarded as a very great honour when the title was bestowed upon a British regiment by "Dutch William". The Carabiniers of the Belgian Army at the present day are engaged on duties similar to those of the Household Brigade. Since 1923 the 3rd and 6th Dragoon Guards have been amalgamated.

The 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards are known as "The Mounted Micks," and also as "The Buttermilks," from having at one time been stationed in Ireland so long that many of the men had farms

there. The 7th Dragoons Guards (Princess Royal's) are rich in nicknames. "The Virgin Mary's Bodyguard," from having been sent to aid the Arch Duchess Maria Theresa of Austria in her struggles against France. "Ligonier's Horse" from the name of an eighteenth century commanding officer who made the regiment a perfect model of efficiency. His crest is still worn as a collar badge by the regiment. Their third nickname is "The Black Horse," from the colour of their facings, but the origin of the fourth, "The Straw Boots," is rather doubtful. One version is that the regiment was once employed in quelling riots in the agricultural districts of the South of England, when the men used to wrap wisps of straw round their legs as a protection against the wet and mud. The other story is that one of their squads of recruits was composed of country lads so ignorant that they did not know the right leg from the left, so that the drill instructors had to order the "rookies" to tie a wisp of hay round one leg and a wisp of straw round the other, the words "Hay boot, straw boot" being substituted for the usual 'Left, right.' These two regiments are now amalgamated as the 4/7th Dragoons Guards.

The 5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales') were formerly known as "the Old Farmer", from engaging in agricultural pursuits during a long spell of peaceful service in Ireland. Nowadays they are better known as "The Green Horse", from their facings of dark green velvet. The Inniskillings (6th Dragoons) often have their title twisted to "The Skins," or "The Skillingers." They left York about five years ago for amalgamation with the 5th D.G. as "The 5/6th Dragoons." Quite recently these two regiments have been permanently and finally united as "The 5th (Inniskilling) Dragoon Guards," and under this title they will (it is anticipated) return to York Cavalry Barracks next troop-ing season, when they are due home from India.

1st The Royal Dragoons and the Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons) both regiments which have served at York in recent years, cherish the nickname of "Bird Catchers", since the Battle of Waterloo, when they captured Eagle standards

from Napoleon's army. Another nickname for The Greys is "The Bubbly Jocks," this being the Scottish term for Turkey Cocks.

The 3rd The King's Own Hussars have no modern nicknames, but were formerly known as 'Lord Adam Gordon's Life Guards,' that officer having kept them as his personal escort when he commanded the forces in Scotland.

About seventy or eighty years ago the 4th Queen's Own Hussars were dubbed "Paget's Irregular Horse," because their style of drill did not come up to the standard set by Inspecting Officers whose horizon was bounded by the barrack square. The achievements of the regiment in battle against the Afghans and the Boeroches proved that their training had produced a good fighting force. A few years after the 4th return from India the Crimean War broke out, and Lord George Paget had the honour of leading his "Irregular Horse," with a cry of "Tally Ho", right through the enemies batteries in the immortal charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, perhaps the most famous cavalry charge ever yet made. Nowadays in India the nickname "Charsies" (a corruption of the Hindustani word "Char.," meaning four) has been adopted.

The red plastron or loose cloth breastplate worn by the 5th Royal Irish Lancers (now amalgamated in the 16/5th Lancers) gained them the names of "Daily Advertisers" and "Redbreasts".

The 7th Queen's Own Hussars are "The Old Saucy Seventh" or "The Young Eyes" the origin of the latter title being doubtful.

The 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars (who left York for the Rhine not long ago) are justly proud of their nickname of "The Cross Belts", earned on the battlefields of Spain when they captured a force of Spanish cavalry at Saragossa, and were given permission to wear their sword belts over the left shoulder, instead of round the waist in the usual manner. The 8th Hussars and the 17th Lancers, having seen much active service together, used to call themselves "The Twenty Fives" from their united numbers.

The 9th Queen's Royal Lancers have cherished the name of "Delhi Spearmen" ever since the

days of the Indian Mutiny.

The 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales' Own) are known as "The Chainy Tenth", from the chain pouch belts worn by their officers. The 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars, recently converted into an Armoured Car Regiment, are distinguished from all other regiments by their crimson overalls. They answer to "The Cherubims" or "The Cherry Pickers". Tradition has it that a detachment of the 11th were taken prisoners by the French while sampling the fruit in a Spanish orchard, during the Peninsular War. Of the origin of their crimson nether garments it has been asserted that the Hussars once waded waist deep in the blood of slaughtered enemies, or that they patched their overalls with red from fallen infantrymen's tunics in the Peninsula until none of the original blue remained showing, and they were thence forth permitted to wear crimson as a mark of distinction. These stories, however, are merely the inventions of some im-

aginative genius of the canteen or barrack-room. The actual origin of the crimson overalls is quite a prosaic one. They were adopted in 1840, about the time when the regiment rode out from Canterbury Barracks to Dover to meet their future Colonel-in-Chief, H.R.H. The Prince Consort (Prince Albert) when he came to marry Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. At that time the regiment was commanded by Lord Cardigan, who owned much land in Leeds, in the district which still bears his name—"Cardigan Fields." During his tenure of the colonelcy the regiment was also known as "Lord Cardigan's Bloodhounds."

The 12th Royal Lancers, (Prince of Wales') also recently converted into an Armoured Car unit, earned the nickname of "The Supple Twelfth," from the agility with which they pursued the French after the Battle of Salamanca. They were also known as "The Old Dozen," and had another nickname, which, though now obsolete may be of interest.

During the sixties of the last century a troop of the 12th Lancers was sent to keep order or Dungarvon (Ireland) on the occasion of an election, when party feeling was running high, and trouble was apprehended by the authorities. As was customary on such occasions, the hooligans from all over the countryside flocked into the town on Polling Day, and set about each other in the approved "Donnybrook" style. The unfortunate Lancers, in endeavouring to preserve order, found themselves used as targets on which both sides might vent their spleen, for though the Irish peasantry might be divided into opposing factions politically, they were all united in being 'again the Government'. In self defence the Lancers were compelled to use their weapons, with the result that one member of the mob was killed, and several more were injured. For years afterwards the 12th Lancers were shouted as "Dungarvon Butchers", wherever they were seen by the disloyal faction in Ireland.

The 13th Hussars have two contradictory nicknames, "The Ragged Brigade," from the tattered state of their attire as a result of hard service during the Peninsular War, and "The Geraniums", from their smart appearance in peace time. From their motto 'Vire in Aeternum' ("It flourishes for ever") they are called "The Evergreens", while their white-braided uniforms have procured them the name of "The Lilywhites" and from their number they are sometimes referred to as "The Baker's Dozen." They are now amalgamated (as 13/18th Hussars) with the 18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own). This famous regiment was originally known as the Trogheda Light Horse, having been raised in that historic Irish town on the banks of the Boyne. After Waterloo came a period of peace, attended, as is usual in this country, with wholesale reductions of the armed forces, and the 18th were disbanded. In 1858 the regiment was re-formed at Chapeltown

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The 14/20th Hussars, at present stationed at York, were formed by the amalgamation of two very famous Light Cavalry regiments. The senior, the 14th King's Hussars, captured the carriage of Joseph Bonaparte whom his brother Napoleon had made King of Spain. His Majesty had just departed therefrom in the greatest haste, fleeing from the battlefield of Victoria although he avaded capture by British troopers, he left behind him, to their great amusement, a silver trophy which is "widely renowned throughout the service, but indescribable." This, surely the most peculiar trophy ever taken by British troops,

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has won for the 14th Hussars the nickname of "The Emperor's Chambermaids." They also call themselves 'The Ramnugger boys' in memory of the gallant charge they made at that battle, during the Sikh War. The 20th Hussars share with the 13th the distinction of being the only regular light cavalry corps without a supplementary title, in consequence of which they are sometimes called "Nobody's Own." The 20th accept their position quite philosophically, as may be judged from the following verses, written by a member of the corps:

"There are fine gallant regiments,
passing all praise,
Should you ask by what name they
are known—
They'll say "King's", or 'Duke So-
and-sos,'
Brown's, Blacks, or Bays,
But one answers "Nobody's Own."

"Vimiera beheld them, the Cape, and
old Nile;
By Marne, Somme and Lys they have
shown
How in trench or in saddle to meet
with a smile
Each challenge to "Nobody's Own."

"They fought like the rest in good
Chetwode's brigade;
With their dead are wide battlefields
strewn,
And at the last roll-call they'll not be
afraid
To answer, "Here! Nobody's Own!"

When the 15th The King's Hussars were first raised by Colonel Elliott (afterwards famous as General Lord Heathfield, "Old Cock of the Rock," the defender of Gibraltar, whose name is still borne by a Leeds public-house) they were known as "Elliott's Light Horse", but before they had been in existence many months they had earned the proud title of "The Fighting Fifteenth", together with a warlike reputation which they have ever since upheld. They are now amalgamated (as 15/19th Hussars) with the 19th (Queen Alexandra's Own) Royal Hussars, a regiment which has suffered much from disbandments on the grounds of economy. When the regiment was re-formed as The Honourable East India Company's European Light Cavalry towards the close of the Indian Mutiny, the standard of height was purposely lowered, so that the Company's regiment should not compete with the Queen's army for recruits. From these small-sized warriors the forerunners of the "Bantam" battalions of the Great War, they were called "Dumplings", a nickna-

me also applied, at the same time and for the same reason to the 20th and 21st Hussars. Until 1902 the 19th were known as "The Princess of Wales' Own."

The 16th the Queen's Lancers being the only Lancers to wear a scarlet tunic are known as "The Scarlet Lancers". They are now amalgamated in the 16/5th Lancers. Readers may wonder why the numbers of the two regiments are placed in what, on the face of it, appears to be the reverse of the correct order. The explanation is that the 16th have an unbroken record since 1759, but the 5th, although originally raised in 1689 were afterwards disbanded and re-formed in 1858. Therefore when the two were united the younger regiment, having the longest consecutive service was treated as the senior of the two.

"The Death or Glory Boys", the unofficial title of the 17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own) is one of the best known of regimental nicknames. It is derived from the badge and motto of the regiment, a skull and crossbones, symbolical of Death, with the words "OR GLORY" on a scroll beneath. This rather practical device was chosen by their first Colonel to remind them of how General Wolfe had died for his King and Country at Quebec in the same year that the regiment was raised. This device, the skull and crossbones, was worn by a British irregular corps, the Third Division Scouts, during the South African War. It was also worn by "The Black Brunswickers" at Waterloo, and by the famous "Death's Head Hussars" of the Imperial German Army. Ever since the days of Gustavus Adolphus, the Pomeranian Horse (now The King's Own Hussars) of the Swedish Army, have also worn this grimly suggestive badge.

Many people speak jestingly of "The Horse Marines," but how many know the origin of that hackneyed phrase? In 1795 the 17th Lancers (then known as the 17th Light Dragoons) were called upon to provide a detachment for service at sea, as marines on board H.M.S. "HERMIONE"; this being the first, and so far as the writer is aware, the only occasion upon which a cavalry regiment has had to perform such

duty, although "Admirals in spurs" were by no means uncommon in the early history of the British Navy. The 17th, while serving afloat, were naturally dubbed "The Horse Marines", and the phrase has now passed into the common currency of our language. The 17th also own two more nicknames, "The White Lancers" and "Bingham's Dandies," from their smart uniforms. They are now amalgamated with the junior British cavalry regiment, the 21st Lancers (Empress of India's), who are known as "The Grey Lancers," from their facings. They were armed with the lance in 1887, having previously been known as "The Royal Windsor Forresters." Like several of our cavalry regiments, they have been disbanded and re-formed several times.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Who was the trooper who spent a weekend with friends, and who afterwards received a bill for board and lodging?

That absented-minded trumpeter who went around looking for the "Lost Chord."

What a certain R.C.R. thinks of kilts?

That N.C.O. who invested in a pair of green socks for St. Patrick's Day, and which came back from the Laundry purple.

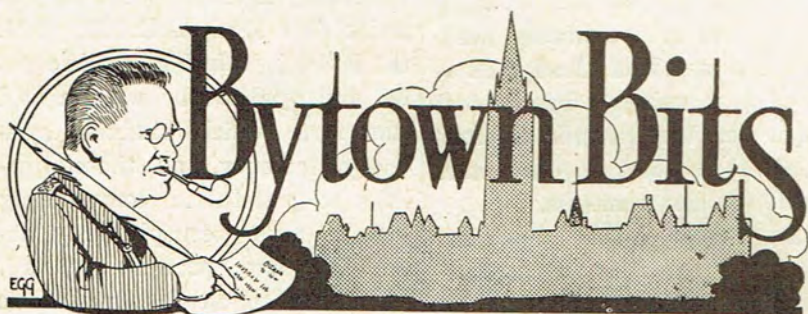
What happened to Piccolo Pete, when he tried to play "My Wild Irish Rose" on his clarinet.

The younger trooper who put hair restorer in his shaving cream.

Who is the trooper, weight 158 pounds, who has a forceful way of swaying peoples minds and hearts while they are under his influence?

"Shall we surrender and hope to avoid the worst or shall we fight with courage determined to achieve the best?"—Owen D. Young.

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Paardeburg Remembered:—The Ottawa South African Veterans Association carried out their time honored memorial on February 27th, when under the leadership of Major G. H. A. Collins V.D., they paraded to the South African Monument on old City Hall Square. There wreaths were placed on the statue and a short service was held. This has taken place every anniversary since the monument was unveiled in 1903. The total cost of the same was borne by subscriptions taken up by school children of Ottawa and Carleton county. The Lilliefontein gun and monument were both draped with flags. In the evening the annual banquet of the association was held

at which a large number were present.

Patricia Club Dinner:—The annual dinner of the members of the Patricia Club of Ottawa was held on the 4th March. The club is composed of ex-members of the P.P. C.L.I., who reside in Ottawa and vicinity. The guest of honor was the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, the war time Prime Minister of Canada.

Given Plates:—The Officers of the 3rd Divisional Train C.A.S.C. on the 7th March gathered to do honor to Lieut. Colonel W. C. N. Marriott, who has been transferred

to the reserve on the completion of his tenure of command. On behalf of the mess Lieut. Col. E. E. Williams presented the former commander with a handsome piece of silver plate.

Sergeants Dance:—The annual dance party of the Ottawa and Hull Garrison Sergeants Association was held in the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 17th March. A committee of which Brigade Sergt. Major C. R. Lee 2nd Mounted Brigade was chairman, looked after the comfort of the guests and the Irish tone of the decorations was in evidence. The guests of honor included Major Gen. J. H. MacBrien, Commissioner R.C.M.P., Lieut. Col. L. R. LaFleche, Deputy Minister, Dept. of National Defence and Brigadier W. B. Anderson, of Kingston. Representatives of the Ottawa, Montreal, St. Johns and Toronto garrisons were also present.

Highlanders Entertained: —

Highlights of the many years of tradition behind the famous old 43rd Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles were revived again when officers of the Ottawa Cameron Highlanders were hosts to the officers of the old 43rd Regiment at a banquet on the 10th March. The Highland unit has succeeded the old 43rd on the non-permanent active militia lists in Canada, but the spirit of the old unit will be kept alive in the regiment by which it has been taken over, and in the new 43rd Regimental Association.

The toast to the famous old 43rd D.C.O.R. was proposed by Major G. H. Rogers, second in command of the Ottawa Highlanders and nephew of Lieut.-Col. S. Maynard Rogers, a former officer commanding the regiment who served through the Northwest Rebellion and the South African War. Coupled with this toast were Col. Sir Percy Sherwood, K.C.M.G., M.V.C. A.C.D., Lieut.-Col. R. Gordon Stewart, and Lieut.-Col. R. J. Bird-whistle, V.D.

The toast to the Ottawa Cameron Highlanders was proposed

most ably by Lieut.-Col. R. J. Birdwhistle and responded to by Lieut.-Col. Guy S. Macfarlane, M.C., officer commanding and Col. C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., A.D.C. who raised and commanded the 38th Battalion C.E.F. and reorganized the kilted unit.

Red Chevron Dinner:—The annual dinner of the Red Chevron Association will be held on the 22nd inst. at the Chaudiere Golf Club. This is an annual event and the chair will be taken by Major General J. H. MacBrien, Commissioner Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The guest of honor will be the Right Honorable Sir Robert Borden, the wartime Prime Minister of Canada.

Described Amiens Show:—Lieut. Col. C. E. Connelly D.S.O. A.A. and Q.M.G., Kingston, addressed the members of the Ottawa United Service Institute on the 31st of March on the action of the Canadian Cavalry in the Amiens show. A large number followed the remarks of the lecturer, who in addition to being a cavalryman was well qualified to speak as he was at that time Brigade Major of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade.

Colonel Camelot's Conjecture.

(From "The Fighting Forces," 1924.)

I

The clock on the table beside Bobby Martineau's bed pointed to five o'clock. Outside a faint, chill breeze fluttered the sickly trees. Dawn was approaching. Owing to the kindly forethought of the servant who had forgotten to turn out the light, an admirable opportunity is presented for examining Bobby's room.

Rooms are supposed to indicate the character of their occupants.

Dr. Watson (give him his chance!) turning to Holmes, in this instance would have said, "My dear Sherlock, it is quite simple. The rows of boots chiefly of a riding variety, the whips, khaki



laps, and that tunic with two stars on the shoulder denote a cavalry career in its earliest stages; the wall, hung with hunting prints suggest a keen interest in this admirable sport; the mantlepiece and other flat surfaces covered with photographs of school friends groups of amateur theatricals in which you will observe Mr. Martineau occupies a central position this framed collection of alluring faces, too many to be sisters, and too attractive to be cousins, testify to a popular disposition, a talent for acting and a large animated heart."

Holmes at this point would have lit his pipe and murmured, "My dear Watson, you are right. You are less of a fool than I thought."

Dr. Watson would have been absolutely correct. He might have added with equal truth that the large photograph on the writing table, displaying the naughty countenance of a thoroughly charming young woman, and signed "Olivia," represented the lady who held at the moment that dubious possession, the key to Bobby's heart.

The clock pointed to five thirty when slow steps sounded in the dark passage outside, a hand fumbled at the door, and a moment later Bobby entered the room. He was about twenty-five and very fair, tall and slight, and even at this hour extremely good-looking his face still flushed with the evening's recollections, his dark eyes still shining at the memory of Olivia Wembury, that strangely fascinating widow. Upon the black surface of his coat a little powder lay to tell its story, and when he tossed his overcoat over a chair, his white tie a little crooked, his evening shirt a little crumpled, added another sentence to the chapter.

He quickly undressed, brushed his hair, got into bed and turned out the light. Almost at once he fell asleep, as people will who turn night into day and still have to get up for parade at seven-thirty in the morning. Violent joys such as Bobby indulged in to the full have their disadvantages. His occurred an hour later, when he was called by his servant for the first time. Half an hour later he was called again. He crawled out of bed, dressed with the enforced speed of the dissipated, hurried to breakfast, decided he couldn't eat, and went on parade feeling completely unfit for duty. He would have liked to report sick, but people get so suspicious when the symptoms vanish at nightfall. His eyes felt sore from lack of sleep and he had a devastating headache. His squadron leader chose this of all mornings to be in a foul temper and took not the slightest trouble to conceal it. Altogether parade was not a success.

Parade over, Bobby sank into the largest armchair in the ante-room. He felt thoroughly ruffled. To his way of thinking, his troop had turned out very smart and drilled very well. It was peurile to say they hadn't. He could remember the pain it gave him to look at so much polish in the morning sunshine. To his way of thinking faithful Sergeant Murphy had saved him from the consequences of his mental paralysis very capably indeed. Why, then these child outbursts from his squadron leader? The latter, on the other hand, having had Bobby as a subaltern for four years, knew very well that he was intelligent quick-witted, and extremely capable if he chose to be, and that he just didn't choose nor had chosen for some considerable time. He sat on the fender, smiling a little

grimly, thinking of a brief interview he had just had with the colonel on the subject of Bobby's idleness.

Bobby meanwhile lolled in his chair, all unconscious of the rude shock that immediately awaited him.

Two glasses of port some thing to diminish the injustice of superior authority, and he was lingering over the memory of beautiful Olivia—how sad to be a widow so young! still, it had its advantage—when the mess waiter informed him that he was wanted in the orderly room. To orderly-room he went. As he arrived, the adjutant opened the door. Possibly this was accidental; possibly not. Bobby was inclined to the latter view. He glanced at the adjutant's face and gathered from its look of suppressed amusement that the coming interview would be no laughing matter. The door closed behind him. He was alone with the colonel. Highly as he esteemed this distinguished soldier, he could have preferred this interview to be less private.

"I'll be devilish smart," Bobby thought, stamping his feet, hitting the side of his head a stout blow and finishing stiffly to attention. At least, that was the idea. In execution there seemed something lacking. Colonel Camelot (Sir Evelyn, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.) looked across the table and eyed Bobby with a cold stare from which kindness sympathy, leniency, all those qualities so grateful in commanding officer, were conspicuously absent. He saw poor Bobby, tall, handsome, so tired; the shadows under his eyes, those eyes that a few short hours ago Mrs. Wembury had found so dangerously attractive, now looking just a little furtive.

Bobby looked back and saw Colonel Camelot, so hard, so strong, so untouched by widows, covered with decorations, devoid of kindness, leniency, all those qualities.....

From far away came the colonel's voice. What an unkind voice! How brutal life was!

"What's the matter with you? Can't you stand straight?"

Bobby made a tremendous effort. He simply couldn't.

"I have sent for you because I have nothing but complaints about you. Apart from that, I

have eyes in my head, and I notice the disgusting state of your troop. You realize that you have a troop?"

"Yes, colonel."

"Good. Don't let the effort of remembering tire you. Your men turn out as they please. Your horses are thin and dirty. You choose your own time for coming on parade. As far as I can see you are a disgrace to a regiment that the ordinary person is proud to be in. Women are your trouble my boy. Late hours and drink never made a soldier, let alone a competent troop leader. What are you going to do about it? Do you want to be kicked out?"

Bobby didn't, but he couldn't say so. He was reduced to the level of a poor dumb animal, a poor, very tired dumb animal.

II.

Bobby left this interview filled with remorse. Not, however, on account of having wasted his time on his various amours, but that he had not combined business with pleasure more effectively. So he didn't vow in future to tear up unopened all letters in a female handwriting, nor did he forego an appointment for that evening with Mrs. Wembury. His usual habits, however, he did alter in so far that after a theatre he insisted on going straight home and went, leaving the poor widow disconsolate, without supper, without a partner, and with the awful prospect of spending the night in bed.

Next day he set to work on his troop like a missionary amongst new heathen. The private soldier knows all right when a thing has got to be done, and anyhow his troop was not half so bad as the colonel had painted it, so that in less than a week a considerable improvement could be detected. Bobby was not surprised. He knew his own capabilities perfectly well. But he was pained that more attention had not been paid to the fact. Like most people who consider duty somewhat lightly, when he did it he expected a little notice to be taken. He expected a little praise. An order to visit orderly-room would have been a graceful act; on this occasion to receive a few laurels instead of a ripe raspberry. Colonel Camelot's theories on duty being quite differ-

rent, he did no such thing.

Bobby adopted a serious attitude to this omission. He felt a return to his mode of life as it had been prior to the colonel's interview would be inadvisable until recognition of the new reformed Bobby, the troop leader of unremitting zeal, had had time to efface the memories of the past. It was therefore essential that the colonel should have this reformation forced upon his notice. The only question was how? The answer came to him when a few days later he went away on week-end leave. Staying in the same house was a Russian nobleman. His history, which has an important bearing on this story, demands a brief account. He had been a cavalry soldier before the war, had commanded a regiment and eventually a cavalry division. The war came and he at once plunged into the thickest of the fighting, leading three separate charges, seeing men die like flies around him, and being himself mortally wounded on three occasions, so that he became known among the troops as "The Cat". The Revolution came, and after various hair-raising escapes he got across the frontier and in time came to Enyland, where he had friends whom he had known in the old days. These kind people (Bobby's friends) he now lived on, hunting their horses, wearing their clothes, and raising their hair after dinner with tales of revolutionary horrors. Since his friends had too much money and he had none at all, the arrangement was eminently satisfactory. His name was General Prince Paripan. By the time Monday came Bobby had heard all the general had to say about the army, the revolution the Tsar and the ladies of Petrograd. The Prince was very good company and spoke English well, but these two qualities by themselves were not sufficient to account for the acute interest Bobby showed in everything he said. He literally hung on his word, asking him to repeat certain stories a second time, and even writing down details of Russian army life before the war. To anyone who knew Bobby at all his behaviour would have appeared quite extraordinary. They could not but have helped thinking that there was more in it than met the eye. They

would have been right. There was.

On his return to London, Bobby went and called on his uncle, George Martineau, a relation for whom he had an especial liking. Sir George had been in the Army and was very rich. There is no connection, however, between the two. He was also very highly respected, and as great a host as his wife, Lady Winnifred, was a hostess. Their fortnightly dinners, belonging though they did to the last generation of hospitality, were quite famous, bringing together all that was most distinguished in the world of politics and letters. To these dinners frequently came Colonel Camelot. Hence Bobby's visit.

"Uncle George," he said after a few preliminary remarks, "when's your next dinner?"

"Ten days' time," said Sir George. "D'you want to come? I thought you had no use for these functions."

"Well," said Bobby, "I haven't usually. But I've just met an extraordinary Russian fellow, a general. I'm sure he'd interest you frightfully. He went all through

the war and the revolution. I wish you'd ask us both."

"Of course I will. Bring him along. Has he a wife?"

"No, she was done in by the Bolshies. He never talks about her. I don't know about my colonel—I seem to be rather arranging your party—but I suppose you wouldn't ask him too? You know, Uncle George, he thinks me rather a fool, and I'd like him to see I have just as clever friends as he has. Besides, he is very interested in Russia, and they'd get on like a house on fire. He might ask him up to barracks, and that would please the old boy immensely."

"All right," said Sir George amiably. "If he'll come. There's no one else you want asked?"

Bobby laughed. "No, thanks awfully; that's the lot."

On the morning of the dinner Bobby applied for a day's leave to look at a hunter in the country that he thought of buying. He went by car.

Having looked at the horse and decided to buy him, he despatched a wire to George Martineau explaining that his car had broken



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down and there was no train that would land him in London before ten o'clock. He asked to be excused to Lady Winnifred and Prince Parapin, to whom he hoped everyone would be kind.

III.

George Martineau dined at 8.15. So did his guests. They did not arrive at 8.45 and onwards, or not at all, as is the way of the younger generation. Prince Parapin arrived at 8.13. He was the last, and dinner was announced almost immediately afterwards. He made a favourable impression on everyone. The women in particular were attracted by his melancholy air and touched by his dismay on learning that Bobby would not be present. He seemed so clearly the tragic exile, one of their own class no longer existed. His well-cut English clothes appealed by their very shabbiness. His white hair, "en brosse" and big flowing moustache seemed the epitomized prince and general of their dreams. Perhaps the two ladies between whom he sat at dinner were a little disappointed. He must have seen so much that was inter-

esting in his own grim country, but he could not be got to talk of Russia, and confined his conversation to the English, his very dear friends and their sports. Except for an occasional quaintness of phrase, he spoke English perfectly, accompanying his remarks with restless, half-restrained gestures.

Over the port it was different. Colonel Camelot came and sat by him. He became less reserved and asked many questions about the English Army and the future of cavalry. Colonel Camelot liked him. He reminded him vaguely of somebody.

"That must have been an ugly swipe, Prince," he said, referring to a great weal of a scar half hidden by his hair.

The Prince gave a melancholy smile. "My last fight," he said: "after that many months' hospital, and then the revolution."

"Tell me about it," said the colonel.

"It was a fine affair," exclaimed the Prince, his eyes lighting up and finishing Uncle George's good vintage port at a gulp. "I had a division of Cossacks at the time.

We lay above the town of Omi-god. Below rushed the swollen torrent of the Krapp, and for three days we had fought for its two bridges. The enemy had something more than a division. No infantry on either side. Our own somewhere to the north-east hurrying up by forced marches, the enemy's wiped out by our victory in the Salutar swamps. Our guns—we had no guns; a corrupt government had seen to that. I knew that the crossings were vital. Once the enemy held them, what could prevent his crossing the Krapp?"

"What indeed?" said Colonel Camelot.

"Time was against me. I asked for a volunteer demolition party. They come, the heroes! But no explosives were to be had, no blasted charges. A corrupt government—"

"Yes, I see, go on."

"I sent for my brigadiers and the colonels commanding regiments. The answer came back, 'They are all dead.' 'Send for the seconds in command,' I said, and waited. A little thin snow had begun to fall. I thought of Ol-

ga Petroxna, my dear wife—the Prince passed his hand across his brow—of my children in Moscow I thought of my dead commanders of brigades and regiments. I cried The tears froze on my cheeks. The seconds-in-command came up to me. It was freezing all the time. The ground was hard as rock. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'in a day, in an hour, the river will be frozen. Why shed blood to capture the bridges when we can walk over anywhere?' 'Ah, no, Prince' said Barrabavitch, my chief of staff 'the enemy will be thinking the same. Let us charge now and take them unprepared.'"

"He was right—in a second I realized it. 'Mount your brigades' I said, 'and form up in lines of regimental masses.' I sent back my old charger—she had no oats for three days. A corrupt government—"

"I bade them fetch me a pack pony—you know these Lithuanian half-breeds—stocky, if you like, but fast and hard as the nail. I mounted and rode back to my troops.

(To be continued)



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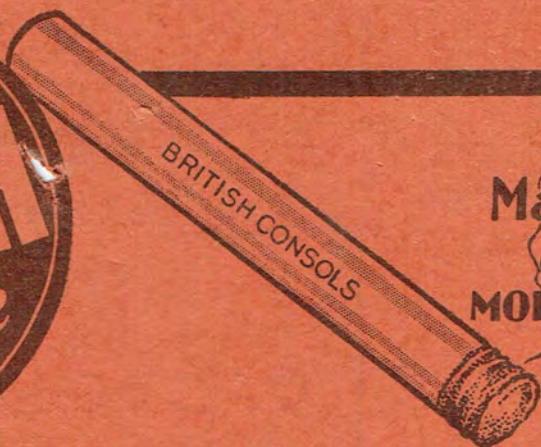
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